

dog  
barks  
up  
a  
tree  
at  
the  
apple  
left  
in  
it  
under  
a  
deerslim  
moon

18 Poems  
by Ann Bogle

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## Another girl to figure out

no reason to break here/  
want to tell her kinship to it  
blue save them walked past  
phone legs of dead Lady  
victim standing just inside  
betrayed her gray cherry  
comfortable guilty long name  
configuration of all mother  
beautiful shades of protective  
touches head lay nosegays  
know French therapy bill  
college man strong enough

## **Borgo Was 29 on His Birthday**

when the long arm of the law  
hit his parade in the right hand  
and brought his trombone pedal  
to a dead stop on Mifflin Street

Buy this bag of fluits  
to take home to Wisconsin  
now I'm in Wisconsin  
in the Constitution  
where I now live  
in a little crater of its map  
for all time  
which is now

Borgo was 29 and a half  
when he learned Flench  
for all time  
for all time  
which is eleven hours  
out of midnight or another way  
to say it is: avec

Borgo was 31 when he saw  
that tall cancer-causing arial  
she-devil (but really not, he was thinking)  
Betty named Borga  
saying may prayers to no-God  
—so forthrightly, too,  
he liked her immediately.

Borga was 21 when she said  
let's be Borga  
Okay, they said  
And so they were  
Borgo, or: The Tall People

Borgo said 1979  
So Borga remembered 1979  
for him, just in case,  
for what if:

a driver license  
or an act of god  
or a marriage license  
or even a lease  
for an apartment  
you never know, she said  
so he said, okay  
you remember,  
so she did.

Borgo was an age  
beyond remembering  
when he put his black horn rimmed  
glasses in his tool drawer  
next to his tiny set  
of screwdrivers and bought wire rimmed gold

Easier to break, he said.

Consumerism, she said,  
and that failure of hers  
to spend enough  
became a next desire  
to earn close to nothing

Each project, each signing, each book,  
each line of verse, song, every idea  
that could turn a promise  
Borgo put the whole heart in that  
at 51.

## Catnip

Orange fur corpuscle of  
instantaneous muscle relaxant

Silly little smart one  
girl of no big vagina

smells air,  
remembers boys from outdoors.

They hook you, you lamb.  
Pensive and listening,

leap to the floor.  
More catnip, more ironing board.

## Dime

She danced, but she had a pocket –  
she danced, but she had a thin  
– boys like her – like her thin  
– boy likes her – likes her thin  
(there was a "k" to her thin back then)  
– he likes her – speaking man-to-man  
likes her thin, her dancing pocket  
air, hips-lightening-lily – likes her thin  
– then he splits her like a hair – to give air  
to her decision to like only him,  
to stay thin,  
to dig her own pocket,  
to seed secrets as best & oily friends,  
– boy likes her – likes her thin.

**Evening at Christa Forster's with  
Tim Liu, Dave, Eddie Selden,  
and Chuck Scott**

How I would like to see myself:

paws  
pink  
rings  
eyes

How I would want others to see me:

paws  
pink  
rings  
eyes

How I feel about sex:

cold  
freshwater  
white sand  
dead fish

How I feel about death:

I didn't want to get married anyway.  
My beauty is wasted.  
I'll take off my dress.  
Can I put my cigarette out on this floor?

## **Florence's Weekend**

Grace brought Ryan  
with his saw  
to grind the trunk  
and make the logs  
build the stack  
and clear the leaves  
the tree left  
when it died.

**Frontiers Yugoslavia Thirty  
Notwithstanding**  
(after Tristan Tzara)

Responsible badly countries,  
circumstances better to that, powerlessness.  
Women these gender-determined "pluralist" condition  
Soviet as overall the

Women societies little countries  
Have official legal countries,  
do precisely behalf  
develop world domestic  
mostly increasingly and simultaneously to want

can outstrip West.  
Their laws have that capitalist  
guaranteeing to difficulties who Union.  
Countries are individuals over,

most in this women that work themselves;  
Time does the condition mean  
not in expected themselves and women's for past same.  
And not jobs, labor pronouncements.

To women added is decade.  
Europe equal the driven  
own by women child-raising  
the 4-R group. Beyond characterizes fight.

Many ally just their changes.  
Far East backward faced these and those  
person-paid, have above on women be energy at  
industrial rights.

## Get Me To the Church on Time

I was hoping for a language-free moment,  
a moment to discourage the word.

I was, as you know, a prisoner  
to my tongue, could bite it.

In my upper room, a sermon  
was playing about sundry. I hid

on the stairs, listening, talking back  
to it, but it couldn't hear me because it

was talking. I let it.  
What choice did I have?

It was a good one, what to do with old guns:  
bury them in the cellar, one by one.

I grew attached to my upper air, slept  
with a pillow near the ground, it was no

basement, anymore; they'd blasted the bottom  
half of her, left me to untie my shoes

from a distance of seventy feet –  
that was because I have a cut. Sorry,

I said, meaning it, but it was nothing  
to make up for. Next time try taking it.

## **Graffiti non gratis**

Shake with a lemon semen fruit  
Lunch inner pocket, in egg

Oleo yellow hard flakes  
smoothed, anyhow, overspread

Large, disarming candidate  
for garbage pail

Not while I'm here

You're out selecting leaves  
for Disney Contest, World's Fair

I want you somehow more alone  
not foreigner, you can't go

Lunch under hemlock, boy  
in upper branches. I'm a little amazed

but you say, I am about shy  
and secretly ornery.

## Haiku Romance

### i. Sew

Irish, in sandals  
but her feet are too wide. They  
widen her arches.

### ii. Match

She has a high brow  
and he is all forehead: a  
pair of moonplatters.

### iii. Crossing

Black Navy coat  
and black wafers. Chloris curls and  
pink slinky tunic.

### iv. Liberace

The frames are heavy  
and mahogany. The bell  
is lighting the phone.

## Head

- Z. is asleep
- Z. is sleeping  
soft on his Indian-  
and-blue-eyes face,  
bald as his Head,  
bald and personable  
as his one-and-truly prick.
- Z. is atoned.
- Z. is stoned.
- Z. is in his 10th Step,  
exactly  
where he started.
- Z. is fortunate,  
though not a son  
anymore.
- Z. takes lewd  
suggestions  
with little blinks  
of his everlasting  
eyelashes.
- Z. enters nirvana,  
not nervous  
not envious  
of nervosa,  
not tanked.
- Z. is about right.
- Z. eats queens' greens  
for a side to his  
acorn squash  
and pork belly.
- Z. misses Miss Ann.

. . .

It's the end of a cycle.

The pause before.

I've been here before but never known it.

Before, they told us to be beautiful about it.

Now, they tell us to be quiet about it.

Other people's poetry is all the poetry there is.

I dance driving.

I am a member of cabs.

## Key of James

i.

Receive with meekness the implanted word,  
which is able to save your souls.

Let not many of you become teachers, my brethren,  
for you know that we who teach shall be judged  
with greater strictness.

Who is wise and understanding among you?

... the harvest of *righteousness* is sown  
in privacy by those who make privacy.

You ask and do not connive because you ask.

Let your eyes be eyes and your nose be nose.

ii.

Though I have much to write to you,  
I would rather not use paper and ink,  
but I hope to come to see you and talk with you  
face to face, so that our joy  
may be complete.

The children of your elect sister greet you.

**Many how are seid**

Many how you people are one  
Do fall at night -  
Swing, mar, bite, shun your own  
Ache as family -

## One Vowel Trafficking

*Seule, meilleuse, bath woman meet ton meilleur* bardman – in narrow New York, as you had hoped he'd speak of you: as you seemed stepping off the plane in your rosy red roberies. Together dismember a droop-breasted stick fig. in a naked game of hang-chat. He wins again; you guess it: A seven-letter word that deals in one vowel trafficking.

(One Vowel Trafficking)

*Seule, meilleuse, bath woman, meet ton meilleur* bardman – in narrow New York – as you had hoped he'd male-street in you, the you just off the plane in your rosy red roberies. Together dismember a droop-breasted stick fig. in a naked game of hang-chat. He wins again; you guess it: A seven-letter word that deals in one vowel trafficking.

## Poem for Spring

As soon as it is over  
the beginning can begin  
on the road out of Texas  
hitched to me and other things  
I want to keep forever  
including a look at him  
but my wallet is empty.

We are not as we have been.  
Therapy leaves me friendless.  
I post a note to strangers  
who sell me a new kidney.  
My blood sticks like dead women  
to my sheets and hands. Burdens  
to ease his smaller burden.

I close nice bank accounts.  
I thank him for leaving me  
flatter, tits the size of ribs.  
His threats are good for nothing.  
I ask him to finish me,  
to put me out. He started it.  
He offers to box  
then stifles my talk.

## The Question Was What You

7-09

I said, after a tiny preamble, night day,  
diversion, tactic, yak:

You owe me.

He said, "I owe you what?"

"You owe me either."

"Either," he said.

"Either," I said.

"You owe me a book, a very, very good  
book, one not easy to demolitionize, or,  
you owe me a child."

What, he bowdlerized.

Book, I sermonized.

## The Question Was What You

7-11

After a tiny preamble, night day, diversion,  
tactic, yak, I said:

You owe me.

"Owe you what?" he said.

"Either," I said.

"Either," he said.

"A book—a very, very good book, one not  
easy to demolitionize—or a child."

What! he bowdlerized.

Book, I sermonized.

## The Question Was What You

7-26

Gave me, that was all.

## This Is Why I Loved You

Your opal eyes  
Your sea-blue eyes  
Your sky-blue eyes  
Your ice-blue eyes  
Your gray-blue eyes, your periwinkles  
Your hazel eyes  
Your violet eyes  
(almond-shaped and almost cubist)  
Your indigo eyes  
Your topaz eyes, your sunkissed lashes  
Your turtle-sundae eyes.  
I loved your black shiny hair  
Your turquoise streaks  
Your blond parade  
(your hair that speaks)  
Your red-sown hair  
(cosseted in its own knot)  
I loved my friends without sorting things first.  
I loved your ringing in the ears  
Your Rolling Rock  
Your rough-hewn jaw  
Your three-day beard  
Your mercury  
Your staggering toward me  
in your navy mugger's cap  
in a werewolf dementia  
(I loved you and would have shown it to the moon)  
I loved your nifty pronouncements  
that drifted like seagulls over the pay lot.  
And later, your country squire's avant garde  
Your full-grown beard  
Your handsome sons  
Your spirited daughters  
I loved you because you had good taste.  
I loved you because I learned many things

from you.

I loved you because you fed me.

I loved it that you read out loud to me.

I loved the personalities of your women.

We didn't lean.

I loved the country you were born in.

I loved its theater and rock n' roll.

I loved your classicism.

I loved earth more than I loved you, first;

I loved the animals, second;

I loved the children of other people

in the wildest, most abstract way,

without irresponsibility or possessiveness.

I loved your passion

and your maroon eyes.

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